very fast, but it is not through the use of milk, but by the aid of exercise, coupled

It may be said in a general way that exer-

case is the most trustworthy antidote for ex-treme leanness or unwieldy bulk. I have

DON'T DRINK.

train down from heavy-weights to light-

about. After a lot of exercise the stomac and indeed all the vital organs, are so tho

oughly aroused and healthy that the assimi-

lation of food and drink and the subsequent

metamorphosis into flesh is easy.
Liquids make fat. There is no doubt of

wieldly men in Germany.

reduces a man.

with plenty of ale and stale bread.

True, it was empty, as he had guessed. True, it was a pontoon boat, built of hide stretched tightly over a frame. But such a sight there in the blackness of night by the three graves no man ever saw before.

It was the great, white Spanish bull;

and looking him right in the face across the narrow rim of nodding lilies.

The eyes were brilliant little lamps trimmed and burning so brightly that the whole little heart of the corpse was lighted

like a festal hall. The wide and splendid horns were per-fectly in place. The mighty neck had lost its noble strength and audacity. The widened nostrils were in the air. The ears were alert. Battle and blood were in every fold of the sweeping brisket.

It was a wonderful work of art that the strange girl had anchored here in the breathing well by the neatly kept graves. The skin had been opened at the back, the legs drawn up and fastened from within. The noble brute rode the waters on his breast as bravely as when the adventuress Europa bestrode her milk-white bull far back beyond the dawn of history and swam

There were no oars or place for oars. A paddle may have been hidden within; but it was perilous making inquiry here, and the artist was too much lost in admiration for this beautiful piece of work to be rudely

He noted, however, that great cords hung canoe, as if the boat might be almost entirely closed. Broad flaps of sealskin hanging down the sides from the opening gave proof of this.

Clearly the boat was anchored there in some adroit way; just how or where could not be seen. But the cunning hand and singular strength of body and mind that had fashioned this most curious boat cut out of a bull's hide and the little bay boughs could not long be at a loss for means of an-

This bay tree here, growing in long, slim little branches all over this part of the land as a sort of frieze or border on the banks of redwood groves is the old Greek bay. graceful and evergreen tree, spicy and frag-rant, is the sacred laurel of old which even the lightning respected. It is the same fibrous, tough, pliable and sinuous bough, becoming hard as steel when dried, that bore the laurel wreaths for which the com-petitors at the Olympic games struggled as the sole reward of their powers for so many centuries. Surely pedigree, story, history, charac-

ter, is worth something, even in a tree.
Whether the girl came daily to trim her lamps and her graves the man could not guess, but certain it was now that he had tearned so much that he was sorry for his intrusion; half ashamed and curious to know how he should took her in the face the next day and contrive to keep the truth

The debate did not last long. Far back in life he had been assured by one who had a right to say that the simple truth is best; the plain clean truth first and all the time. He would tell her all . concealing only the name of Sanello, and take the nence of his audacity and her dis-

While he resolved thus the great proud rose and bobbed on the besom of the breathing waters and the savage head tossed in his face even above the top of the opmost lilies. The waters boiled and ubbled over the river and flowed at his

Then suddenly they began to recede; and down, down! The lights drew down and the man stood alone in the darkness.

CHAPTER X.

FARLA'S NIGHT ON LION'S HEAD. Farla was very angry; angry at she scarcely knew what. She could not say that she was angry at what her innocent and simple-hearted little sister Sanello had said or done. She was surely not angry at anything that Mr. Gray had said or done. She was simply angry; perhaps at herself,

She had looked forward eagerly to this day when she should be with him, sail the beat that bore him on and on through the straits, on and on through the Golden Gate, on and on to the stormy islands of stone, man had never been a boy and was something more than man; at least something time in her life, touched her heart. Hard loved gentleness. It found response in her first time. And this time her prayer was a For all very strong souls are also prayer of gratitude.

self why she so wil ully and suddenly deto return with the party, but preferred remaining, as she often had done be- sands of people far, far below on the decks fore, indeed, with her people on the islands, she would have been at a loss for an answer. All night she h Surely she wanted to be with Mr. Gray; ah, she even now, and in truth all the time, wanted to be with him. Yet had she thrown all this sunlit afternoon of glory into the sea! Such is the incomprehensible contra-

diction of woman. Climbing higher and higher up the steep and stupendous wall of scarred and lightning-riven granite and conglomerate and lava, she found new and almost incalculable deposits of eggs. She startled storms of sea birds that had never yet been interrupted there in their cloud-built crags.

This pleased her. This was conquest! She would not only have something new to tell; this discovery would add to her father's

meager revenues.

Higher and higher she hasiened to climb till at last she stood with flowing hair lined out against the gold of the spuset, the silhouette which her startled father saw the time be turned about to look back from his boat as they sailed in through the Golden

The girl remained fixed to this spot, watching the fading away of the yellow sail a long time. The task of reaching this almost inaccessible point where she now stood had been considerable; as exhausting as perilous, and she felt that she needed rest before attempting to return.

At last night moved down in all his somber majesty from his camps in the canyons under the cedars and firs and redwoods of the Sierras and swiftly as the flight of a bird possessed the sea walls and the sea. The Golden Gate was barred by bolts of darkness; and the white roads across the waters of the ocean of oceans that ended here by this sea bank were obliterated for

Taking firmly hold of the rocks, setting her certain feet securely in the parrow niche below, the girl began to slowly descend. But the light lay on the other side of the island now. Darkness or at least contusion of light lay on the side where she stood, or rather clung, and Farla drew herself up by the hands to the same spot where she had rested a moment before. She began to think seriously if it were really safe to descend by this precipitous

way.

She gathered some eggs that lay in a feathery nest by her right hand dropped them one after another down the steep wall by which she had climbed.

It startled her to see how nearly perper dicular she in her sudden flush of piqu and displeasure had ascended. Her heart beat so loudly that she ceased tossing the eggs down the precipice and laid her hand her bosom.

The soft silver moon came to her in this lofty isolation and kept pleasant company for a little time and then settled slowly o down in the path of the exhausted sun,

The shadows that came crowding up from the sea for down below seemed never so black as now. The girl's heart had ceased to beat so terribly now at the idea of spending the night alone on the shelving crags,

time in her life, fear really came upon her It was not the danger. She had known danger both by sea and land from intancy. But it was her helplessness that appalled her; the inability to really move either hand or foot. She was literally chained to

Fortunately the night was warm, even to sultriness; but she knew that the small hours of morning would bring down a cold blast from the ice floes of Alaska

Fixing her foot securely in the rough and sorous surface of the land where she stood she turned her back on the world and laid, or rather leaned, her face to the mighty wall. Then with great care and caution drew herself up to a more secure and less precipitous side of the singular prison and prepared to spend the light as best she

The place was so filled with sea birds' eggs that little or no room was left her here. And so nest after nest, as far as she could reach, was emptied by starting the eggs rolling down the steep.

Then, making certain of her footing she

put out her arms and drew all the feathers. as far as she could reach, under her re clining body and thus soon found herself far from uncomfortable. Still there was the dread of slipping down while asleep. The downy but slippery bed of feathers did not at all add to her sense of security.

Fortunately she had a stout cord at her girdle. This stout silken cord she had ong worn in order to make more secure in loose and abundant about the narrow open-ing like that in an Indian fisherman's its concealment the knife which she always carried. Do not be alarmed at mention of this

knife. It is no rarity. Besides, this girl's work at building her curious boat, the continual climbing of crags, both in the sea and on the land, all her life and action, indeed, made a stout, sharp knife as necessary to her as is a needle to an ordinary woman. Taking her knife in the left hand, she felt about with her right as she lay, or rather leaned, there till she found a crevice or rack in the rocks into which she could fasten the knife. Gradually and securely driving it down in this crack to the hill she proceeded to fasten one end of the heavy silken cord to the knife and the other to be left arm. Then she prayed a piteous prayer with clasped hands and forehead humbled to the rocks. Her heart was very gentle now. Never before was her better, gentler self so entirely to the surface. She was sorry

for the folly of that day, and of all days. Not for herself; she was sorry for the pain of others. She prayed for her sister; for her great, rugged father. She prayed first for all that was near and dear to her. And last of all the poor, penitent and desolate girl with such a contradiction of nature prayed for herself. And then she slept. The cold winds of early morning awakened her. She had slept soundly; but her limbs were stiff and her hands and feet

numb. She put the cord again about her body, making her short dress still shorter. Then she took the knile in her left hand, After taking one look at the dizzy depths below, and making certain that she could never descend in that way and live, benumbed as she now was, she slowly began to ascend.

Bear in mind this island had been he rocking cradle. She knew it so well. It had no terrors for her at all under ordinary circumstances. Like the lion tamer in the age with the lion he has known so long and well she even now, rested and renewed as she was, with a full day before her, felt no more dread.

As said before, she knew every foot of the ground, or crevice of the rock, whether acssible or inaccessible. She knew that there was somewhere a circuit to this continual ascent; that there was

a summit to this casg in the sea somewhere and she would reach it and descend by the other side. This one particular rock is curious. It

looks like a sea lion. It rests there, half lifted from the water, like a huge sea lion looking away out toward the Orient seas. Its head overhangs the occan. Its nose is high, fearfully high in the air. Ships at high tide could, were it not for the fallen rocks there, that keep the fretful waters churned to a foam, ships, I say, were it not for the fallen rocks that thrust up through the waters here and are made black with roaring sea lions and white with roaring seas, could almost sail under this huge ston se that is lifted bold and bare me 200 feet above the waters; above the 10,000 on and on to the stormy islands of stone, with their roaring sea lions and their clouds unlly roaring sea lions on their jutting of countless sea birds. She had expected crags and the hungry all-devouring ocean. so much of this day; and what had she had Farla found her journey slow from the Ofter she would have to sto of it? She surely had not expected aught | beginning. Ofter she would have to stop of John Gray except his ever serene for | and roll aside and down the steep hundreds bearance and equipoise of manner. She had and hundreds of eggs. They were a dan-long learned that this silent and absorbed gerous footing where life depended so en-

tirely on the certainty of her foothold.

After an hour of arduous work she came more than the brute-man. It was indeed to what seemed to her to be the last steep this gentle element in his nature, this unselfishness and screnity and entire respect utterly inaccessible. Here was at last a for her that had suddenly, and for the first place to rest, however, and rolling the eggs aside she threw herself on her face full as her life may have been, stormy as her length, threw out her long, strong limbs voyage may have been at times, she still | full length and rested-really rested for the

Lifting her face to begin the work before Had anyone asked her, had she asked her-di why she so wil-ully and suddenly de-waters below. It was alive with boats. And such a shout went up from the thou

All night she had been missed. All night men had searched about the entire ac cessible portions of the rock. For the girl was well known; was not only widely known but well known, and she was universally respected, if not entirely loved.

They had only this moment discovered

her. But when the shout died away and the men looked and looked again, they grew white with pity and with dismay.

Some of the boats drew in close to the island, as if to try and reach her; others stood further out to sea, as if to survey the possible chances of her escape; other boats drew on around the island, as if to see what

hope lay on the other side.

The girl's heart swelled with gratitude. And yet she was greatly vexed with herself that she should have been the cause of so much care. This made her very resolved to have done with the whole sad business; and tying her girdle she laid hold of the crag before her and began steadily to ascend. She had more confidence now; and more strength, also. Ten feet! twenty feet! The knife was in her teeth! She had kicked off both her shoes. Her fingers were streaming

with blood. Thirty feet! Forty feet!
One foot swings loose and the body sways! The left arm hangs loose as if dead! One last superhuman effort and the right arm is about a sharp jutting and a rugged bit of rock that hangs from the rim of the summit and she drew herself up by the knees, by

the neck! And oh, such a shout from the waters be low! The bleeding, trembling girl stands erect on the loftiest summit of the Lion's Head.

Eagerly now she walks around the narrow little space for the place by which to de-scend. Toward the city and the shore? It is 50 feet or more of sheer precipice. She hastens with a sinking heart to the side of the head looking southward. Precipice!

Nothing but precipice!

She sat down and folded her bleeding fingers up under her naked arms. Her black and glistening abundant hair was about her breast and shoulders. But her dress had been torn to pieces and hung in shreds about

her body.

The fleet of boats, increasing in numbers every moment, for the story of the beautiful girl's peril had spread like fire over the city of San Francisco, now gathered under the Lion's Head; and every face there lifted to Farla. And every heart there that knew how to pray prayed one continual prayer for

her deliverance.

The roar of the lions and the sea made it impossible that she could either hear or be heard. No one spoke. No one made signs what to do. All felt so utterly helpless that no one dared to advise by sign or by utterance of any sort.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRAND OF LIFE-OR DEATH. Once more the girl arose and walked about her narrow home in the air. This time she walked fast and resolute; as if it had entered her mind to end the tragedy in one way or another at once.

Perhaps she thought of her father's combut for all that she was sadly frightened.

It may be safely said that now, for the first ing and determined to have done with the dreadful situation before he came to suffer HOW TO GROW STRONG

She made the round of observation and threw up her arms in despair as she came back to where she had sut with folded hands. But this time she did not sit down in that same spot. She walked far out on the Lion's Head; far out! So far that her foot lay half way over the perpendicular ledge and 10,000 people caught their breath in the boats below.

Here she sat down, undid the cord about

her body, tied it tightly about a sharp little uplifted point of rock; tied it tight and tried it by pulling hard and strong.

And then her hands began to work and to weave as if they had been a spider's hands. Her strong, heavy dress, already in shreds above the knee, was shreded and twisted into cord almost before the people that the strong has before the people will be a strong the strong transfer association. below realized her desperate resolution.

But when they did discover her purpose a moment later, what a shout of cheer, of

ope, of heart! And now she lifted her knife to the glorious stream of black hair.

She wove her hair into her costly, rich ladder with such dexterity and speed that in a little time her shapely head was en-

tirely shorn. Garment after garment disappeared. The last garment, the last shred was gone. The girl arose, and stood there a moment

s God had made her. Her long, thin cord was coiled in her right hand. And there was but one thought, and prayer among men. Was it strong? and was it long? Would the rope reach the troubled foamy waters and the sea lions below? Had her fingers been adroit and cunning at their work, and would the rope endure her

weight? Ships of war of all nations sent their best boats and crews to see if by some good for-tune they might be of possible service to the brave girl. Gallant Stuart Taylor, the naval officer of the port of San Francisco, was there. In brief, all San Francisco was there, at least in heart and desire to help. Tall as an Indian, straight as an arrow,

the girl stood for a second above the tremb-ling sea and roaring sea lions and foam-white rocks, and seemed at last to hesitate in her desperate purpose. Suddenly, as if her heart had impelled her, she turned her head away toward the sombre summits of Redwood Park and Mount Diablo. shaded her eyes with her lifted hand and looked long and earnestly.
What was she thinking of now. Her

days of happy childhood? The family group gathered about the door waiting her return? Her strong, silent, daring and enduring father, so much like herself? What could have been her thoughts?

Then after a time her eyes fell downward a little and lingered about the Golden Gate. She started suddenly and clutched once more in her right hand the long, coiled cord. What could have startled her and nerved her so suddenly to her desperate task? There was a little sail plunging down

from out the Golden Gute at all speed; as if the huge man at the helm half gue that this gathering of ships was a signal of trouble to him or his.
No; she would not let him suffer; not while she lived. She would end it all now

and at once. Tightening, testing the cord once more and for the last time taking care that no sharp rock should come in contact with its precious threads and fibers she grasped it tightly in both hands and hastily let herself down over the beetling ledge. Would it hold her? Land her safely in

the surf and surge below? Was it long enough and was it surely strong enough? Boats started forward; a thousand stouthearted men stood to their oars. Every prov was turned pointing to the Lion's Head eady to leap forward to the rescue.

Down! down! down! Every man held his breath! Down! down! down! Forty feet! Fifty! One hundred! One hundred and fifty feet! Only 50 feet more and the foamy, troubled rocks and the sea lions below will receive her! But what is the matter? Why pause there

suspended in the air by that thin and in-visible cord? An empty hand reaches out helplessly in the air in sign that all is over. The rope is exhausted. Men stand as if stunned and struck dumb. stunned and struck dumb.

The girl makes the sign of the cross and men that never prayed before are praying now. Those that would disdain to pray for their own lives are praying for this poor girl. Tears are in every eye and in every

utterance. Her both hands now clutch close and hard to the cord, as if she dreads to die. Her bosom heaves heavily; her feet are locked close together. Oh if the water was but water beneath her, instead of stone and foam and roaring old lions of the smiled, for he had talked about it a thou-

Oh, but to be able to drop down into the sea 20, 30 feet out from the base of the prec-Suddenly it seems as if the tall, slim form

hanging so helpless up there in the air begins to move, to sway, to swing; first a lit-tle, as if the sea winds had come up, wondering, from the sea and had begun to buffet

her about.

But no! It is not the blustering and insubstantial wind that is slowly moving her to and fro! to and fro! to and fro! from wall

Her long, lithe limbs are alive, sinuous, eloquent with action!
To and fro! to and fro! Faster! faster! Ten feet out toward the open sea! Fifteen! Twenty! Thirty! And away! like a beautiful rainbow falling out of heaven from its an old doctor in a country town in the West own splendor, the graceful and audacious girl, with a divine audacity, leaves the rope behind her, and, as if coming down to us on the arms of a rainbow, darts feet first into the open sea where a yellow sail with the swittest keel and the stoutest heart in all the land or on all the seas is waiting to

receive her. There was a deathly silence for long; so long it seemed. But when at last a giant form leaned and gathered a slim and ex-hausted form from the folds of the sea and wrapped his daughter round with love and embraces as with a mantle; such shout! The great ships thundered their satisfaction; and told the anxious city that the girl was safe at last in her father's arms. [CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.]

Copyright, 1889, by Joaquin Miller.



Strange Guest (at hotel table)-Ladies an' gents, I ain't been very sociable, because I ain't no talker; but notwithstandin' I ain't got my sportin' clothes on, p'r'aps I can en-



(And he emphatically began). - Puck, FOR BRAIN FAG Hersford's Acid Phospi

Dr. W. H. Fisher, Le Sueur, Mion., says: "I find it very serviceable in nervous debility, sexual weakness brain fag, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers, and in some urinary troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all cases where I have used it."

The Absurdity of the Diet Often Prescribed for Athletes.

Barney, and two years ago I persuaded him GETTING FAT ON RUM AND MILK to undertake the same regime. For over a year he worked at the milk diet without the slightest effect. Now he is building up

How-Prince Bismarck Reduced His Ponderous Weight. SCHEMES ADOPTED BY EMINENT MEN.



PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH I HEN a man has reached that stage in life where he begins to take care of his health he usually has a large and diverting assortment of ailments to tondle and care for. Every time I pick up a newspaper or review now I run across an

article of more or less interest on the sublect of health. It is supposed by newspaper managers and the editors of the big monthly publications to be the most interesting subject to the public except the never ending controversy on the various ramifications and relations of man and wife. As everybody is writing about health, how to get fat, how to get lean, how to increase bodily vigor, and so on, I propose to have a go at it myself.

My experience in athletics has been tolerably large. Beside personal efforts in that direction, I have watched the athletes of various countries with a good deal of interest. I have come to the conclusion, as far as heath is concerned, that every man must of necessity be his own judge. For instance, I have known two men to start in to train on exactly similar lines, but with thoroughly

opposite results. A FAILURE. I think the most amusing thing of the sort that I ever knew was the experience of Colonel John McCaull. Some years ago he decided that he was growing too stout. He weighed 260 or 270 pounds, his activity became a thing of the past and the girth of his waist grew visibly. He went up to the New York Athletic Club and put himself in the hands of the trainer. The trainer looded at Colonel McCaull with grave misgivings and announced that he would begin by taking ten pounds a week off of him.

Then he enveloped the portly form of the
Colonel in heavy flannel clothes, pulled a
series of thick "sweaters" over his rotund
body, bound a handkerchief around his neck, and led him on a run around the suspended track of the gymnasium. The run terminated at about the end of 30 paces, when the Colonel sat down and breathed hard, but he was a man of perseverance and he clung to it. After he had made the circuit three or four times he went down to the third floor of the gymnasium, lifted dumb bells, swung Indian clubs, took a cold plunge, was rubbed down and walked back to his residence. That night he ate a dinner that startled the entire household. The following day he went through the same performance, except that he ran half a mile more, and at the end of the week he mounted the scales with a glowing face and a heart full of hope. He had gained exactly eight and a half pounds. The trainer was mute for a time, and then came to the conclusion that the Colonel had not taken enough exercise. The result was that the next week he pounded around the place with a vehemence that startled the neighbors, was pummeled and rubbed by professional massage operators, lived on a fighting man's diet and fin-ished the week 11 pounds heavier than he had begun. Thereupon he definitely aban-doned the system of training which is of world-wide repute. Throughout all this tumultuous and violent exercise the Coldid not touch a vegetable because vegetables are supposed to increase the weight. That

is a recognized rule among trainers. A VEGETABLE DIET. short time ago Colonel McCaull fell ill in Chicago. He came to New York, put himself under a physician's care and was told that he must reduce his weight. He sand times without success. The physician told him to go off and eat nothing but vegetables. The Colonel did so, and the resul he has lost about 30 pounds in the course of six weeks. I have never seen him ooking better than he is now. I give this illustration to show that rules in training

are bosh.

Let me give another. About three years ago Mr. Ariel N. Barney weighed 117 pounds. He was then subject to hemorrhages, was as thin as a rail, but more than that he had the pallid skin and leaden eye of a man who is in ill health. His thinness amounted almost to emaciation. Mr. Bar ney had a long siege of illness, in which hemorrhages were frequent, and his life was at one time despaired of. He seemed to have no vitality at all. He was talking to one day when he received a prescription which not only saved his life, but built him up into a specimen of stal-wart, sturdy and power'ul man-hood. He is to-day a well-known figure in New York, and a man of practically tireless strength. The country doctor with whom Mr. Barney ta ked said that after a good deal of investigation he had come to the conclusion that milk and rum were two of the most nutritious liquids known. He be-lieved in an abundance of both of them, and held stoutly to the opinion that if a man drank enough rum and milk it would make him stout and hearty. There was a long argument on the subject, and finally Mr. Barney became convinced, and he began to drink rum and milk within an hour. The milk was not pleasant to his taste at first, nor is it, he tells me, to this day a grateful drink by any means, but he stuck to it like a major. Whenever he was near a barroom, in a restaurant, or even in a private house, he asked for milk whenever the opportunity occurred. He began by drinking six glasses a day, and made it a point to increase the and keep a record in his diary of the number of glasses that he swallowed He is a man of a good deal of popularity, and he accepted every invitation to drink

RUM AND MILK. He poured about a sixteenth of an inch of rum in the bottom of the glass, filled it up with milk, and poured it resolutely down. Eighteen glasses a day of milk, in-cluding what he drank in the morning and at night before retiring, formed the average for the third month after he had begun the system. It went on for six solid months and he had not gained a pound. Further than this he discovered no good effects of the milk, but he stuck to it with invincible determination, and the seventh month began to feel that his clothes were growing tight for him, and then he built up in every possi ble direction at a rate that surprised his riends. It went on so fast that it was necessary for him to get an entire new outfit of clothes every five or six months, and after he added 50 pounds to his weight his delight at the change gave way to alarm. He went to Dr. Robertson, of New York, to see whether the flesh was of the good, solid and healthy order. The doctor poked, punched, pinched and otherwise examined him, and then gave him the highly sensible advice to test the solidity of his newly-acquired avoirdupois by lots of exercise.

Mr. Barney began by rising every morning at 6 o'clock and running a short distance. at 6 o'clock and running a short distance along the side of Central Park. By degrees he extended his runs and walks to two or three miles, and finally he was able to make the circuit of the park and back to his house -a distance of eight miles-in less than two hours with ease. Of course he had a constant fear of another hemorrhage and was tormented with a thousand other fancies about the solidity of his sudden acquisition of flesh, but he grew harder, firmer and stronger every day, and he clung per-

tinaciously to milk. He does yet with the CLARA BELLE'S CHAT. most gratifying results.

These facts would lead almost all unthinking men to believe that their salvation

lies in milk, but as in the case of Colonel McCaull it depends almost entirely on the personal character of the man. I have a A New Method of Designating Swell Households in Gotham. cousin who is almost the counterpart of Mr.

MORRISEY'S MEEK-LOOKING WIDOW

Mrs. Ballington Booth Now the Pet of the Modish Set.

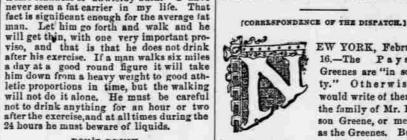
EW YORK, February

16.-The Payson

Greenes are "in socie-

ty." Otherwise I

GREEK GOWNS AT THE COSTUME BALL



as the Greenes. But it is a new custom to speak of every swell One reason why Colonel McCaull failed household as the John Browns, the William to train down during his violent exercise was because of the inordinate eating and drinking which followed his work. When Smiths, and like that. The Payson Greenes are fashionable and respectable, and there isn't a word of any sort to say against them. trainers give men whom they are trying to But they have provided a bit of news for this letter, and so must be named in print. weights apple sauce and cold tea to drink for supper they know exactly what they are They are closely related to the official representative of Persia in Washington and this city, and from that source learned earlier than anybody else at a distance that the Shah of Persia had decided to made a visit to Europe in the spring. The Payson this in my mind, though I am fully cogni-zant of the fact that a good many people will deay it. The character of the liquids has a Greenes conceived that it would be a delightful thing to bring this Eastern potentate to America as their quest. They made overtures in a formal and proper way, and for a time were encouraged to expect a success ful issue; but they have just now received

good deal to do with it, but the practice of drinking invariably leads to unwieldy bulk. In Spain, where men drink little, a fat man is unknown. In Paris, where the men content themselves with sipping thimbles full of absinthe or small cups of black coffee, communication from the private secretary of the Shah, through a deviously official prothe French are thin to a remarkable degree. cess. The invitation is declined with The women, on the other hand, drink great quantities of champague, Burgundy, and atterly of beer, and they are as a result prone to stoutness. In England, men drink ale and beer, and they are a thick-necked, thanks, but in a phraseology indicating that his Occidental Mightiness really had a notion of crossing the ocean. I have seen the royal missive in the original, and also pudgy and heavy race as a rule. I had bb-served all this many times, and when I went to Germany, where I knew the consumption of beer was very great, I had prepared to in an English translation. But it is from another source, equally trustworthy, that I get the reason why the Shah will not come to America, even under a disguising name find fat men in abundance. I was not dis-appointed. There would seem to be absoand semblance. It is that he mistrusts the people of any republic, and deems himself in danger as soon as he goes beyond the boundaries of monarchial countries. It is lutely no end of big, corpulent and un-wieldly men in Germany. While they are in the army they are slim and splendid lookonly after much hesitation that he has con ing warriors, but two months after they cluded to venture in Republican France. leave the ranks they become heavy, puffy and beefy to the last degree. This is even He has arranged to arrive in Paris in May, but the person who tells me of it thinks that so in the ranks among the other soldiers, and the cavalry were men of such extraordihe may give up that portion of histour even yet. So the Payson Greenes will not spring a live Shah upon society. nary weight that they always excited comment from strangers. I may remark dentally that this did not surprise me. I do FORCED to look nearer home for objects

not believe in the English fad that riding of social interest, I found one in the handsome, motherly-looking matron next to On the New York mounted police for whom I rode a hundred miles in a palace they retire the heavy men every year. If I am not mistaken the limit is 165 pounds. car one day this week. Who can help guessing at the character of fellow-travelers? As soon as a policeman gets beyond that weight he is taken from the mounted force made out this lady to be a gentle, churchly and is allowed to perform his work on foot woman, and rather expected her to chide thereafter. I do not remember ever to have seen a more alert, powerful and athletic lot on account of the trivial novel that I was reading. But presently she took up the of men than those of the mounted police of morning's newspaper and turned to the page New York. The reason is obvious. They know they will be retired if they get beyond a certain weight, and the result is that they of sporting news. She did not shift her shocked eyes from that part of the journal keep themselves in perfect trim by exercise and abstinence from liquids. While the on discovering what it was. My wonder increased as I discerned that she was actually rank and file of Germans were fat, I have reading the matter-that it wasn't basebal that she was perusing—nor even athletic games—but it was a column of gossip about the prize fighters. No displeasure was exobserved that the officers were invariably siim and almost slender men, who presented a splendid appearance in uniform. I devoted a good deal of deep and strenuous thought to schemes which would enable me to get news about the principal persons of the empire, and among others it occurred to

pressed in her face. On the contrary, she beamed upon the print with unmistakable beamed upon the print with unmistakable interest. This seemed phenomenal, and I called my companion's attention to it. He was a resident of Troy, N. Y., and he said:
"That is the widow of John Morrissey, me to put mysel! under treatment with Bis-marck's doctor, the famous little Sweninger. the famous pugilist and gambler. She is now residing in Troy, where she was born, and where she married Morrissey. Does she I found him a remarkable and delightful deplore her late busband's career? Isn't out from marble-like perfection. The young her perusal of prize-fight news sufficient man started forward, and then settled back man. He knew a little English and was very anxious to improve his accent by conversation. He is a creation of Bismarck's versation. He is a creation of Bismarck's answer? No, she is quite as amiable and again, as though still unconvinced. The more or less. He looks like a Russian charitable as she looks, but she has always woman in the box seemed to understand. rince, has the most piercing black eyes l have ever seen, a close clipped beard and mustache, massive wavy coal-like hair, and position if not in practice. She was the daughter of a steamboat captain, and a de-cided beauty. She married Morrissey early a quick, incisive and nervous manner. He became disgraced at the very outset of a in his fame as a pugilist, and incited and promising medical career by an affair with the wife of one of the professors in the col-lege where he occupied a small position. encouraged him to stay in the ring. I remember well how she used to teach their boy, when he was a baby, to put up his lit-The wife was a beautiful Viennese woman, tle fists in fighting style, and it is vivid in my memory, too, that she knocked out a feminine neighbor on at least one occasion. Yes; the widow of John Morrissey reads and she had been married to a large and beery professor of chemistry when very young. When she met the handsome and fiery Sweninger she fell violently in love with him. There was the deuce to pay. A every line of prize-fighting news that she comes across, but always with a supreme ontempt for the men whom she regards as between the doctor and the professor which degenerate successors of her husband. resulted in Sweninger's imprisonment. Rismarck had taken an interest in the case

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH looks less

AT this great and continually-talked-about

ball in the Academy of Design there was one

thing especially noticeable. The artists and

ginning to end. All the beauty of the oc-

was one of the most exquisite things ever

asion was for the eye. In a visual sense it

like a commandingly religious woman, for ward the woman had been exceedingly she lacks portliness; but nobody-doubts her manly and generous throughout. young doctor came out a ruined man, and tried to practice in Berlin, but there was no sincere activity as the practical head of the Salvation Army in this country, and she is hope for him until one day he was sent for by the Chancellor of the empire. In an just now carrying her warfare with all her might into fashionable precincts. She is hour Bismarck had made his fortune simply holding afternoon conversations with all the society leaders she can get a chance at, by the mighty influence of his patronage. Now the two men are close and fond comand is trying to interest them in her work. Our ladies are too busy just now with the I explained to Dr. Sweninger after I got final dancing of the season to lend their ears to know him how eager Americans were to to Mrs. Booth, but when Lent puts a stop to festivities they will, I think, pay considera-ble heed to her, and I shouldn't wonder it a hear any actual facts about Bismarck, and a great many obthe facts and incidents about Bismarck which I cabled from Berlin sort of crusade by modish women among the came from the doctor-of course with the benighted poor ensued. Meanwhile Mrs. Booth has just decided a question of a full knowledge of how and where I was going to use the information. Bismarck's both practical and comical character. The Salvation lassies, you know, are acweight was about 260 pounds when Dr. Sweninger began to treat him. Without customed to parody all the popular songs of medicine, violent exercise or any other exthe day, using the tunes as they find them, traordinary means, the weight of the chanand either replacing or modifying the verses for revival purposes. Has "Razzle Dazzle" cellor was reduced to 165 pounds, and he is now as fine a looking man as there is in the German Empire, as far as physique is con-ditty originally sung by three roistering incerned. The Sweninger treatment is elaboebriates in a farce at a Broadway theater. Its refrain, "razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle," rate, but the main features are that the patient must not eat and drink at the same is slang for a hilarious and dilapidated contime. His principles have been thoroughly adopted by the officers of the German army, dition of drunkenness. The song is introduced in several other places, at all the variety theaters, and is whistled and hummed all around town. A trio of Brookand that is the reason why the officers are such a slim and good looking lot of men. lyn Salvation lassies got up pious rhymes for the tune, but retained the razzle dazzle chorus, and what they wanted to know of They cannot drink beer, and that is an awful cross to the German, but very few men can drink beer and keep a waist at the BLAKELY HALL. Mrs. Booth is whether they could sing it at their meetings, with an imitation of the manner in which it is given on the stagethat is, marching recklessly to and fro, locked arms, and with gestures of jollity. Mrs. Booth thought it over, and decided to

WHAT IS MODERATE DRINKING? A Question on Which Topers and Tectotalers Differ Radically. New York Sun. 1

same time.

terrific exposure, and some sort of an affair

from the fact that Sweninger's actions to

The American Order of United Workmen is disturbed by the conundrum, "Is moderate drinking harmful?" The question is from what standpoint to view the subject. their wives were an entirely separate ele-In Montreal moderate drinking is that ment from the blending mass of society peowhich men do who take hot Scotches till they can't count how many they have had. In Kentucky, where the use of alcohol is pleased as the Ropey blease as the Ropey ble placed, as the Republican national platform placed, as the Republican national platform another, and they recognized the outsiders puts it, "in the fine arts," the rule is to immediately. This opposition of sets rentake all the drinks that are offered in the day time and never to refuse one at night.
In St. Louis the largest brewer has declared that tippling interferes with labor and has sternly cut down the beer tickets of his workmen to 25 a day, whereas in Long Island the octogenarian farmers who go courting fourth or fifth wives pronounce whisky a preservative. It looks as though the American order of drinking will need more than the American Order of Workmen pared with a garden of the gods. The effect

more than the American Order of Workmen can do to straighten it out.

A New Word Coined.

New York Sun.:

In the Asbury Park directory occurs this name: "J. R. Borden, motorneer." Thus a new word has been coined for the law. a new word has been coined for the language. A motorneer is the man who rides on the front of an electric car and handles the trolly, which runs on the wires over-head and conveys the electricity from the wires to the motor under the car.

of the Greek maiden. It flows like swirls of mist in among the limbs and curves of the girl, and when she is delicately formed

I happened to be in the rooms of a wellknown costumer's establishment when a conversation took place which contains some interest. A sprightly young woman entered, and, after bowing a greeting, in-quired of the proprietor of the establish-ment how much he would charge to make a certain costume for Mrs. James Brown Potter. When the name of Mrs. Potter was

mentioned the costumer became angry. "You will pardon me," he said to the young woman who had brought the inquiry, "if I compel you to take back to Mrs. Potter a very decided and harsh message. Please tell her that she cannot have any clothes made in my establishment. Last spring she made me agree to set aside cer-tain weeks of this season to get up her pro-duction here. Then she went to Paris and brought her clothes home with her. She can't get a dress made by me for any

would write of them as Imagine a young man of modern times rethe family of Mr. Payturning such a message as that to the Queen son Greene, or merely

of Egypt.

The costumer then resumed his talk with the manager of another prominent actress who insisted that her bill must be cut down about 100 per cent before it would be paid. Talking about legal redress against beautiful actresses the costumer said afterward that they could win any suit brought against

"They go down to court," he said, "spread the smell of violets all around them, smile, and cry, and flirt, and that settles it. They

get a verdict on their shapes." The Liederkranz ball was somewhat quieter than usual this year. There was just as big a crowd, just as gorgeous tableaux, and as much champagne drunk, but the whole thing came to a close tamely, and the men went about next day telling of how stupid it all was. The Liederkranz was one of the swellest affairs of the season a few winters ago, but gradually it began to resemble the French ball in its abandoned style of action toward the small hours, and the elegant people who had been accustomed to attend soon dropped away. As a remedy for this the management appears to have instilled into the spirit of the affair an authoritative example of being eminently decent, and so a commonplace picture is produced without the old swell mob to look

But one incident that I witnessed at the Liederkranz is good enough to relate. In one of the baignoir boxes sat a woman alone. She was completely enveloped in black lace, so that to say what she looked like was impossible. Yet there was something about her pose and her silent mystery of lonesome-ness. All the men, as they passed by the box, would look up, but there was not a movement of consciousness on the part of the woman in black. I stood behind a of loungers, and regarded the solitary figure to see what she was really there Presently a man came sauntering by with

Presently a man came sauntering by with an air of indifference and fatigue looked sneeringly up at the boxes as he went along, seemingly despising the entire affair. He was a peculiarly handsome young fellow, with a tall, strong figure, and fine, high-bred features. He paused, when his eye caught the figure in black up in the box. He took a convenient position and watched. He took a convenient position and watched. The tired look left his face. He was interested. I looked at him and then at the woman. She had seem him, and was mov-ing just a little for the first time since I had discovered her. The young man had his eyes fixed on her, and was very bright now. I knew precisely what his thoughts were. Here was a romantic figure; but suppose he should investigate and uncover a scarecrow. He had only the graceful outlines of a woman for a promise. The figure in black had guessed his thoughts as soon as I did. The scene began to be charming. The woman raised her arm, and, as though by accident, her lace shroud dropped back and revealed the proof of youth. It was a round, tapering white arm, and the hand was as delicate as a flower. The young man still watched. The woman let her hand fall to her throat and slowly drew the lace aside. A diamond star shone She litted with a movement almost maddening in its slowness, the lace of her mantle, fold by fold, away from the lower part of her face. I was as breathless as the young man she was doing it for. There was a flash of light that was dazzling, and a mouth like a rosebud, a chin of lily purity, shone for one instant through the gloom of the headdress. The young man dashed off the floor, and in another moment was sitting in the box with the woman in black.
I hadn't seem her eyes. I hope for the sake of the young man that they proved to be worthy accompaniments of such a peerless arm, neck and mouth.

CLARA BELLE. A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Curious History of a Remnant of the Hebrew Nation in India.

ttish American. I Among the many scattered remnants of nations in India there are few more interesting than the Beni-Israel of the Bombay side. The Beni-Israel do not belong to the lost tribes, nor have they any mysterious ers in the outfitter's shop. But then the connection with the Great Pyramid. Their passerby must have the eyes that can see St. own legends aver that centuries ago their forefathers, flying by sea from a co the north, were shipwrecked near Kenery Island, and the survivors, seven families took refuge at Navgoan, homeless, penuiless, among strangers, and without the books of their law. The date of this hegira is esti-

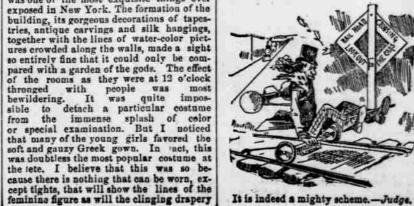
mated from 1,600 to 2,000 years ago. Since that date the little colony of 14 souls has grown into a dispersed community of 10,000, not unlike the ordinary Konkan peasantry, but religiously observing the Jewish Sabbath and whatever they can remember of the Mosaical law. They have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to whatever king chanced to reign; but they are as much Hebrews to-day as they were two centuries before Christ.

On the Rinkte.



First Actor-Aha, Leonardo! Forced into the orchestra, I see. But what may be the instrument? and Actor-The orchestra be driveled!

I go to Kansas City to-night, and this, perhance, may help me back. ON THE BOAD.



It is indeed a mighty scheme. -Judge.

BEWARE THE GOTHS.

War Would be Impossible if Art's Charms Were Universally Felt.

ITS INFLUENCE IN DAILY LIFE.

Beautiful Objects. OUIDA EXPLAINS HER IDEAS UPON AET

Man's Nature Elevated by the Effects of

HOLD that high and deli cate tastes render low and gross ones unattractive. Love of art will not keep a man immaculate, but in nine cases out of ten it will make him turn aside from coarse temptations. The arts give an occupation to the mind which

enlarges the sympathies and refines the perceptions, and tends to keep them aloof from what is gross. The arts are essentially gentle; they have nothing of the brutalities of sport, the egotisms of science; the fierce cruelties of physiological experiment are wholly alien to it; it lives by light, by peace, by sympathy, by loveliness.

If all the world were penetrated with the charm of art, war would have little place on earth: to the man who is sensible of the harmonies of architecture the warfare which would burn Notre Dame like a straw stack and shell Lincoln Cathedral as indifferently as a barrel must ever seem the most barbarous of the follies of humanity; and that the Louvre and the Vatican, the Pinacothek and the Hermitage should be exposed to the perils of dynamite must ever appear as infamous, as deplorable, to those by whom the smile of Gloconda and the Faun has been felt and the beauty of the Belvidere gods realized. Art is in its essential essence merciful and kindly; the atmosphere of it may be sometimes cold us the moonlight is cold; but, like the moonlight, it is accompanied by dews beneficent and refreshing to the

ART'S INFLUENCE IN DAILY LIFE. There is a pure pleasure in beautiful lines and shapes which carries with it into daily life a sense of joy and of well-being. A milk jug shaped gracefully lends its own grace, like a flower, to the nomeliest board on which it stands. To use a well-made and symmetrical object is to the cultured sense a simple but absolute form of enjoy-ment. The introduction of beautiful lines into common objects has become usual in the present day, though not yet universal as it was in Etruria and Greece; but it is still weighted with many deformities, and unhappily most of the usages and customs of modern life are such as to make beauty in them impossible. All the artistic effort in the world could not make an umbrella beautiful, or a fork, or a boat, or an omnibus, or a railway station, or a factory chimney; if Phidias himself returned to earth he could do nothing with any of these.

Before the necessity to disfigure the face

of all countries with wire lines such as are demanded by telegraph and telephone companies the soul of an artist must laint with-in him; and there can be no question but that the appalling ugliness of the new forms of modern invention will latally affect the minds and the creations of coming generations if in its development it does not correct its hideousness. As yet there does not seem much hope that it will do so; and the rivers turned into choking streams of grease as of Chicago, and the whole round of human existence buried under an immovable dark-ness of coal dust and coal smoke, as in Sheffield and Manchester, are at present the terrible conditions with which invention as opposed to art accompanies her diabolic gifts to man. If the influences of art were in one-hundredth degree as widespread as they are benish the human race would refuse such conditions and would consider the material benefits of invention far too dearly purchased by the pollution of atmosphere, the elimination of daylight and the obliteration of landscape.

THE EFFECT OF COSTUME.

As the great excellence of Greek sculpture nude human figure, seen everywhere, in the baths, in the games, in the gardens, excellent in its strength, beautiful in its freedom, glorious in its supple and clastic forces, so the painting of the Middle Ages owed its greatness to the beauty of color, of costume, of street life, of warlike bravery, of architecture and of atmosphere which everywhere surrounded and saturated the daily lives of the arts which brings them all upon the three hold of the home in which one has been in-

stalled as divinity.

Who can feel the architectural glories of Chartres or Lens, of Cologue or Canterbury, and not be touched by the roll of the organ and the voices of the choir? Who can venerate the figures of the "Night" and the "Day" and not be sensible to the trescoes of the Sistine? The sight of the Tour de St. Jacques rising from its greenery against the springtide sky is worth more to the soul of the passerby in Paris than the cheap fares of the tramway or the machine made trouspasserby must have the eyes that can see St. Jacques. Is not that education the highest and most truly useful which bestows such eyesight? All that tends to develop the intellectual susceptibilities and make them stronger than the physical appetite is a gain to mankind so long as the physical side of existence is not repressed in an unnatural all persuasions, whether religious or philosophic. Art does not repress it but refines it and keeps it in subordination to the de

SYMPATHY WITH INANIMATE THINGS. A great love of art creates a great companionship in inanimate things, a great in-dependence of human sympathies, and a sense of serenity such as merely physical pleasures cannot give. It is difficult to care warmly and intelligently for anyone of the arts and remain wholly insensible to the others. Not idly were the muses symbolized as sisters and pictured as hand in-hand en-circling man. The arts have lost much of their elevating influence in modern times because they have been too closely associated to trades. Their temples have been Allowed too often to become mere workshops. Yet, still the softening and ennobling effect of them upon the haufan mind is great and their soothing charm can never be resisted by those on whom it has once cast its spell. The lovers of art may spend more upon it than they could afford, but it is better spent there than thrown away on low or frivolous pleasures.

sires and aspirations of the mind.

To purchase gobelin tapestries for your bedroom is better than to gamble or to be rained by dissipation. The motive may be pure self-indulgence in the one as in the other, but the former egotism has a certain elevation in it, tends to refine and spiritualize the mind and has beneficial influences upon others, while the latter egotism is brutallzing, Jendening, and has effects which are pernicious and lasting upon the egotist himself and upon all around him. It cannot be too repeatedly insisted on that the arts soften, lighten and ennoble

life. The mere pursuit of gain is base; the excitements of speculation and ot com-merce are ignoble, the whole tendencies of modern life are at once intoxicating and saddening.

Safe, Quick and Effective. The valuable curative properties of Alicock's Porous plasters are due to the employment of the highest medical and chemical skill. They are purely vegetable, and in ingredients and method have never been equalled; safe, quick and effective in their action; they do not burn or bister, but scothe and relieve while curing, and can be worn without causing pain or inconvenience.

pand can be deceived by misrepresentation, All other so-called porous plasters are imitations, made to sell on the reputation of Allcock's.

Ask for Allcock's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitution of allcock's.